

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NKV
Deulin

98

Bhl

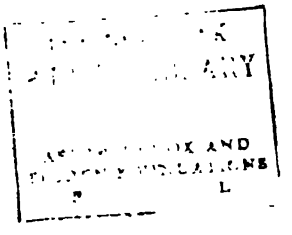
Sec

1 से 21

JOHNNY NUT

AND THE

GOLDEN GOOSE





JOHNNY NUT

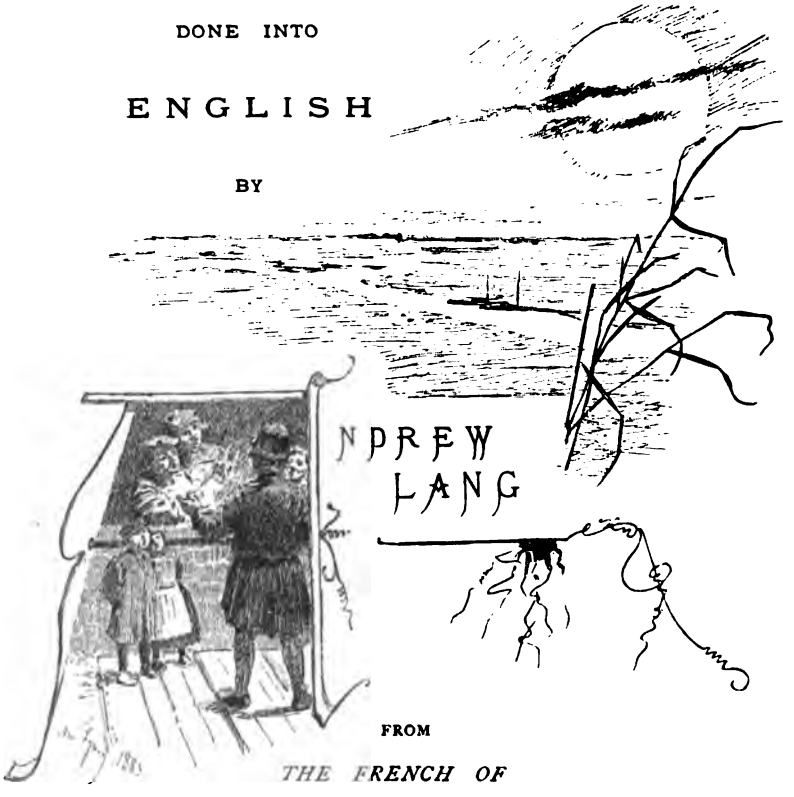
AND

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

DONE INTO

ENGLISH

BY



ANDREW LANG

FROM

THE FRENCH OF

CHARLES DEULIN

ILLUSTRATED by A.M. LYNEN

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1887

85700B

PREFACE

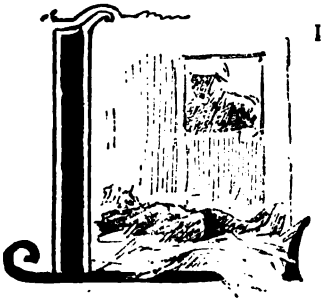
THIS TALE is rendered, a little freely, from *Les Trente-six Rencontres de Jean du Gogué*, in *Contes d'un Buveur de Bière*, par Charles Deulin. (Sixième Edition. Paris: Dentu. 1873.)

The late M. Deulin told with much humour, and probably with but little alteration from oral tradition, the popular tales of his native province. The narrative here translated has points in common with a Tongan legend, with several ancient French *fabliaux*, with a Zulu story in Bishop Callaway's collection, and with Grimm's *Golden Goose*.

TO

Mistress Dorothea Thorpe

MADAM,



IKE the Sultan in the *Arabian Nights*—and, sure, you are no less despotic—you have sometimes commanded me to 'tell you a story.' It has been my privilege to obey; but, alas! when my toil was ended, with a stretch of absolute authority you have bidden me 'tell you another.' Truly, Madam, the *Ocean of the Streams of Story*, whereof the Hindoos speak, will speedily be drained dry by your Slave, who now presents you with this little Tale, which he has conveyed from French Flanders. If it amuses your leisure as much to read, as it has diverted mine to translate it, I shall have that enjoyment which attends successful enterprise, and I remain,

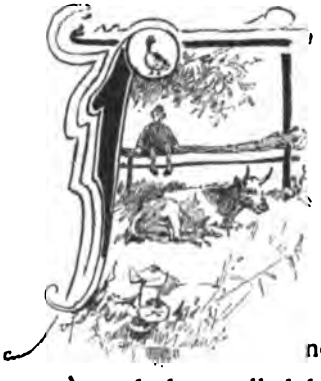
MADAM,

Yours very humbly to command

A. L.

Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose

CHAPTER I.



LONG TIME AGO there lived in French Flanders, at a village called Saint Saulve, Valenciennes way, a little cow-boy named Johnny Nut. He had no father and no mother, and they called him Johnny Nut because he was found one fine morning under a walnut-tree. Silly Billy was another name he had, for he was just as great an innocent as a calf before it is weaned.

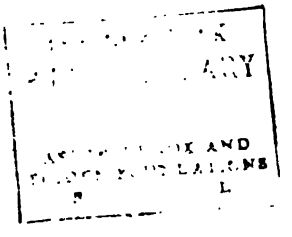
Now, never in his living days had

298

JOHNNY NUT

AND THE

GOLDEN GOOSE



'Silly Billy,' says he.

'Oh, *don't I see.* Yes, I see,' said the woman, laughing to his very face. 'Listen, my lad! You are big, and strong, and you seem honest. Now Jim, our man, is off on the King's wars. Will you take his place?'

'Will you let me taste roast goose?'

'On Sunday, as sure as sure, you shall have your fill of goose; I have to send some one to Hergnies, to my cousin's, to-morrow. You shall start, at peep of day, and bring me a good fat goose. We'll dine off him when we come back from the fair at the next town. Does that suit you, my son?'

'Mother, it's just the thing for me.'

'Then come to supper.'

And to supper went Johnny Nut, with such an appetite that he scarcely had time to say grace.



CHAPTER II.



NEXT day was a Saturday, and the farmer's wife went to waken Johnny in the stable-loft.

'Come, come, up with you!' says she, shaking him. 'Don't you hear the cock crowing?'

So she gave him a big bowl of coffee, and *such* a chunk of bread; and showed him the way, and sent him off, saying, 'Mind you ask for my cousin's mill, and bring me the goose, and seven bushels of flour, and a pint of seed corn.'



The cock was still crowing on the roof, and the Lady Moon was watching with her yellow eye, when Johnny Nut started.



Now, all the time he was thinking of roast goose for dinner, he kept repeating the errand he had to do,

'Seven bushels, and one pint,' 'Seven bushels, and one pint'—for, not being very clever, he was afraid he might forget.

As he went on saying this, he met a farmer, who was counting up how much his field should bring him in.

'*Seven* bushels, indeed!' said the farmer. 'Let a hundred come!'

Now this puzzled Johnny Silly Billy, for he had never room in his head for more than one idea at a time; so he went on his way, repeating,

'Let a hundred come! let a hundred come!'



Well, as Johnny crossed a wood, there sat a shepherd, as red as scarlet, and as proud as a peacock that has laid an egg; and all because his dog had just killed a wolf that was after the lambs.

'Let a hundred of them come! let a hundred of them come!' sang out Johnny Nut.

'What do you mean, you fool?' says the shepherd, 'with your *Let a hundred of them come!* A hundred, indeed! Rather say, *There's another caught and done for!*'

'*There's another caught and done for!*' said Johnny Nut, as he went on his way.



CHAPTER III.

NOW, as Johnny strutted along, he heard jolly music and wedding bells, and saw a multitude of people.



It was a wedding party, outside a tavern; and the fiddlers were fiddling, and everybody dancing.

Johnny Nut went through the middle of them all, shouting:—

'*There's another caught and done for!*'

'Caught and done for! Meaning *me*!' says the gay bridegroom; and he tucked up his shirt-sleeves to give Johnny one in the eye. But the bridesmaid, who did not want a quarrel, gave Johnny a push, and said to him—



'Idiot, say rather, "Let everybody follow a good example."'

It was all one to Johnny, and off he went, shouting—

'*Let every one follow this good example!*'



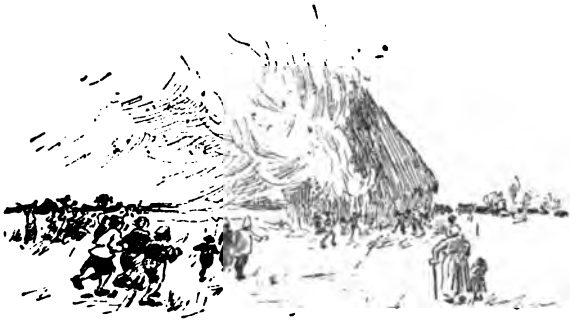
So he left the village, and he went, and went and better went, till he came to a house on fire.

The policeman had caught a poor tramp, whom he charged with burning the house.

'*Let every one follow this good example!*' shouted Johnny, never thinking of anything but roast goose.

'What's that you say, you vagabond! You





incite the populace to arson and fire-raising!' cries the policeman, who was by way of being a great lawyer.



Johnny trembled like an aspen-leaf.

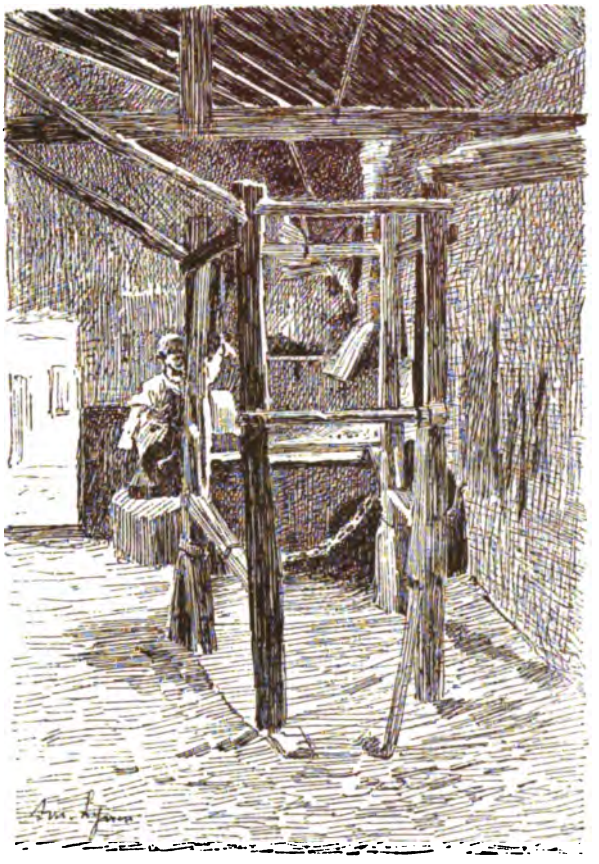
'Say, "Heaven help you to put the fire out,"' whispered one of the firemen; and Johnny said so, and off he went, the old way, crying—

'Heaven help you to put the fire out!'

Now he passed a blacksmith's forge, and that blacksmith was as cross as two sticks, for he had been blowing the bellows for three hours, and could not make the fire burn.

Well, just when a little tiny blue flame burst forth, as little as a pussycat's tongue, what did the blacksmith hear but—

'Heaven put the fire out!'



Round he turned, pitched his hammer at Johnny, and knocked him down flat on the king's high way.



CHAPTER IV.

JOHNNY was not dead; Fortune had other adventures in store for Johnny. A farmer came out with his men, and carried him into the house, where he soon came to his senses. It was not very much in that way he had to come to; but if Johnny had not many brains, he had an extraordinarily thick skull. The blow with the hammer would have killed another man, but it only made a bump on the head of our Johnny.



The farmer asked him where he came from and what he wanted.

'I'm going to Hergnies, to eat roast goose,' said Johnny.

'Why, you are twelve miles from Hergnies,' said the farmer; and he gave Johnny a sheaf of corn, and sent him on his road.





Well, Johnny lost himself again, and sat down against a wall and lunched off part of his hunch of bread.



Then, as he was tired, he fell asleep, and a chicken came and ate all the grains of corn out of his sheaf. Then Johnny woke, and when he found he had nothing left of his sheaf but straw he fell a-crying.



Now, the farmer there was a good-natured man, and, to console Johnny, he made him a present of the fowl, and off he went.



About four in the afternoon Johnny was hungry again, and sat down to finish his hunch of bread with his chicken beside him.

Up came a clumsy great cow, and trod on the chicken and crushed it flat.

Johnny set off sobbing again. 'Never no luck,' says he. 'They gave me a sheaf, and a chicken ate it. They gave me a chicken, and a cow crushed it. Boo-hoo!'



'Don't boo-hoo,' says the Lord of the Manor, who came by with his gun on his shoulder and his game-bag on his back. 'Don't boo-hoo! take the cow.'

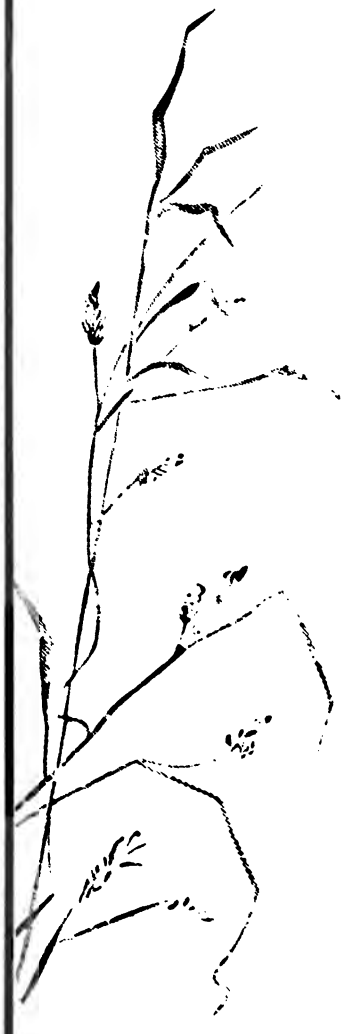
'Thank you kindly, your noble worship,' says Johnny, as merry as may be, and he and the cow jogged along till it grew dark.

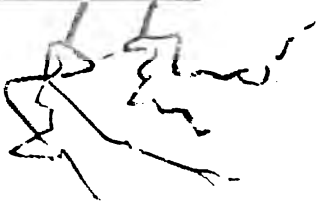
At last Johnny came to another farm, and there the farmer took in him and his cow.

Now, this farmer had a big pretty maid, as strong as a man, and he bade her milk Johnny's cow. But, as she









milked, the cow switched its tail in her eyes and made her see quite an illumination.



The maid was an angry maid. She picked up a pitchfork and threw it at the cow, and the poor beast fell down dead!

Then Johnny began to cry again, and I don't wonder at it.

'Never no luck,' says he. 'They gave me a sheaf, and a chicken ate it; they gave me a chicken, and a cow crushed it; they gave me a cow, and the maid killed it. Boo-hoo!'

'Oh bother! take the maid and don't blubber,' said the farmer. He didn't like to keep a girl in the house who threw pitchforks about when she lost her temper.

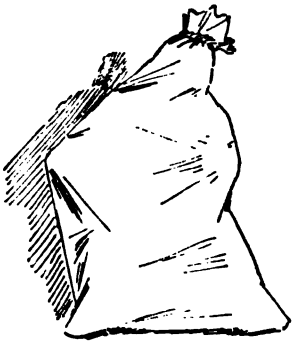


Johnny did not wait to be asked twice. He took the maid, tied her hands and feet, put her

in a sack, heaved her on to his back, and away went Johnny.

'When I do get to Hergnies,' said he to himself, 'I'll marry the maid, and we'll have roast goose at the wedding supper,' for his intentions were strictly honourable.

But the further he went the more Johnny didn't find the way; and at last, as the maid was pretty heavy, he set her down by a tavern door and went in and asked for a pot of beer.



CHAPTER V.



NOW, in the tavern were Tuné, the tailor, with a coat he had made for a customer, and Nanasse, and Polydore, and Rumble his dog, four of the wildest wags in that country-side.

19

Tuné went out of the tavern to see what kind of night it was, and there was the sack and something in it that moved. So he opened the sack, and what should he find but a pretty tall maid, trussed like a fowl.



Well, he let her out and she told him all about it, and, as she was not dying to marry our Johnny, off she ran to her own village as hard as she could go.

'What am I to fill the sack with?' thought Tuné. 'By George, I'll put in Polydore's yellow dog, Rumble.'

So he whistled to Rumble and put him in the sack.

By this time Johnny had finished his ale, and he came out, hoisted the sack on his shoulder, and marched away without asking questions. Tuné followed at a little distance, and, as Rumble knew a friend was there, why, he entered into the fun and said never a bark.

At last Johnny reached Hergnies, and where should he go to but to the parson's, of course, to get married! Then it occurred to him that he had never asked the maid if she would have him! He put down the sack and opened it.

'I say, maid,' quoth he, 'shall us get married, us two?'

'G-r-r-r-r-r-r!' says the maid.

Johnny, in a fright, let go his hold of the cord, the sack fell open, out jumped Rumble, and flew at his throat.

Johnny sprang into a willow-tree and climbed up it, but, lo and behold! the tree was rotten, and down came tree and Johnny and all on the back of Rumble! Now, Rumble was expecting nothing

of that sort, and, with one wild yowl, he flew away like the wind, and never stopped till the town gates of Condé were closed behind him!



CHAPTER VI.



WHEN once the voice of Rumble was lost in the distance, Johnny climbed out of the tree and found that none of his bones were broken.

All of a sudden in the hollow of

the tree trunk he saw something shining like a will o' the wisp.

He put in his hands and pulled out

A GOOSE WITH GOLDEN FEATHERS!

'Here's luck at last,' says Johnny, 'I've lost a maid and found a golden goose! I'll have it roasted this very night,' and off he went to the best inn in the village.

Now the inn was full of people going to the fair on St. Calixtus's day, which was a great festival.

However, Johnny, being but a village idiot, had never heard anything about all that.

Up he comes and goes to the landlord, who didn't know where to turn, he had so many customers, all going to the fair.

'Cook my goose!' says Johnny, as bold as brass.

'Oh, you go to—Jerusalem,' says the landlord, 'we don't cook *gold* geese *here*, not to-day, we don't.'

'Well, if you won't be obliging and cook my



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

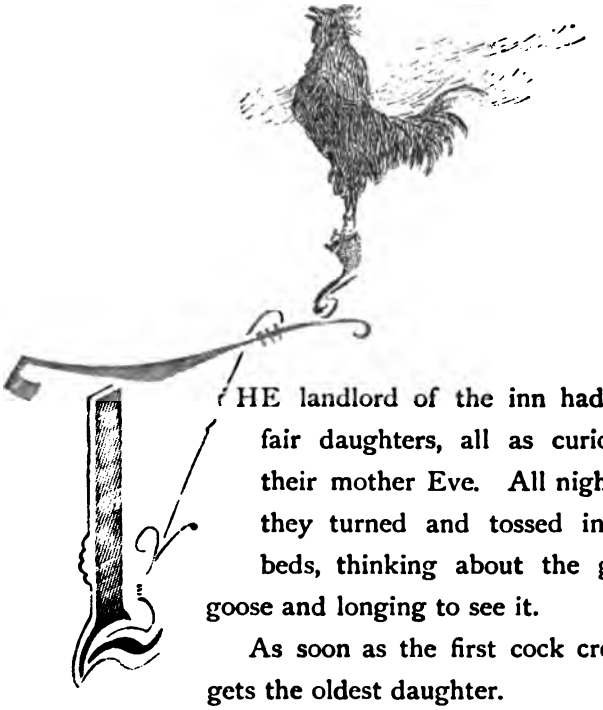
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B L

goose,' says Johnny Nut, 'why, I'll give it to Saint Calixtus. A pretty poor saint he'll be if he does not give me a goose fit to put on the spit in exchange for my goose of gold!'

So he got supper somehow, and went with his goose to sleep in the stable.



CHAPTER VII.



THE landlord of the inn had three fair daughters, all as curious as their mother Eve. All night long they turned and tossed in their beds, thinking about the golden goose and longing to see it.

As soon as the first cock crew, up gets the oldest daughter.

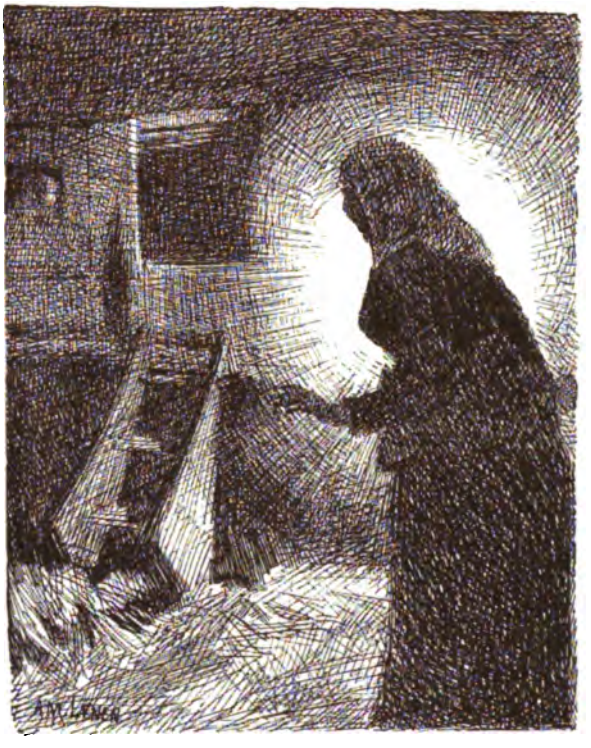
'It is so hot I really can't sleep,' said she, and went on tip-toe to the stable, as quiet as pussy, for fear of waking Johnny.

In the moonlight the golden goose was shining like a star.

'I'll take one of the pretty feathers,' said the girl, and put out her hand to touch it. But she could not pluck the feather and she could not pull her hand away!

When the second cock crew, up got the second daughter.

'It is far too hot to sleep,' said she, and she ran downstairs to her sister. But as soon as she had touched her *she* could not move a step from the place!



Then the third cock crew, and up got the youngest daughter, and ran to the stable after her sisters.

'Take care! don't come here!' they cried, but she did not understand, and she thought—

'Why, if they are there, I can go too!'

But as soon as she touched her sisters, there she was, as fast as could be to the golden goose!



A quarter of an hour later Johnny wakened, and stretched himself, and shook some of the straw out of his hair, and then took his goose under his arm, and off he went, never noticing the girls, whom he had *not* left behind him.

They tried to stop him, but Johnny thought they wanted to rob him of his goose, and he ran, and they ran, and they all ran as fast as their legs would carry them.

When they were out of the village, the girls were also out of breath, and they entreated Johnny to stop. So he said he would stop if they would show him the right road, and the sun was up by the time they reached the next village.



CHAPTER VIII.



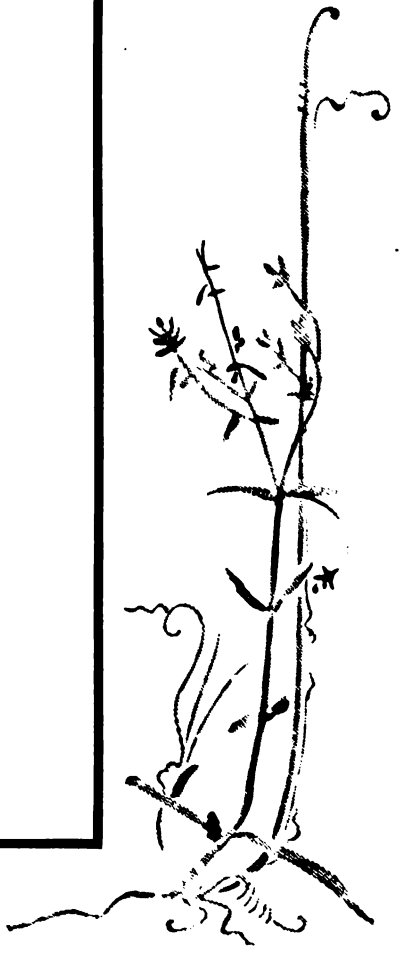
JUST at that very moment, who should come by but the Vicar of Condé, with his two Curates, the Churchwardens, the Beadle himself, the man that played the fiddle, the man that played the cornet, and all the wicked little choir-boys.

They were all marching off to sing the Mass on St. Calixtus's day.

The Vicar at that time was a stout clergyman, as big as a barrel, but he was a very holy man, and very severe about good and modest behaviour.

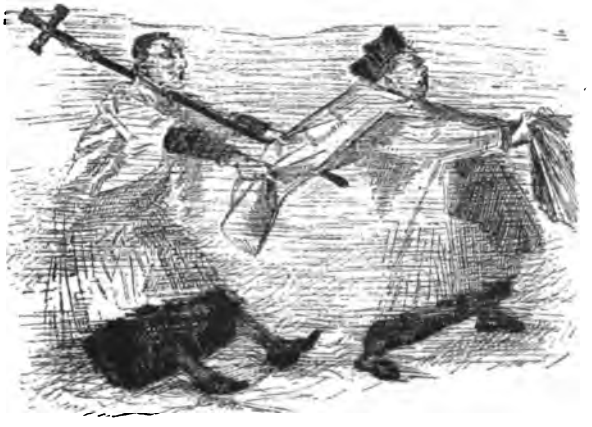
Naturally, when he saw the landlord's daughters all strutting away behind our Johnny, he was SHOCKED!

'Are you not ashamed of yourselves,' he cried out, 'great lasses like you, to run about the country after a lad?'



So he plucked the youngest girl by the sleeve to stop her, but, behold! no sooner had he touched her than he could not leave hold, and *he* had to march after the golden goose!

'Oh, sir, oh, sir!' cried the Beadle (who was a long, thin-legged man, like a heron), and he ran up, caught hold of the Vicar by his gown, and there he stuck.



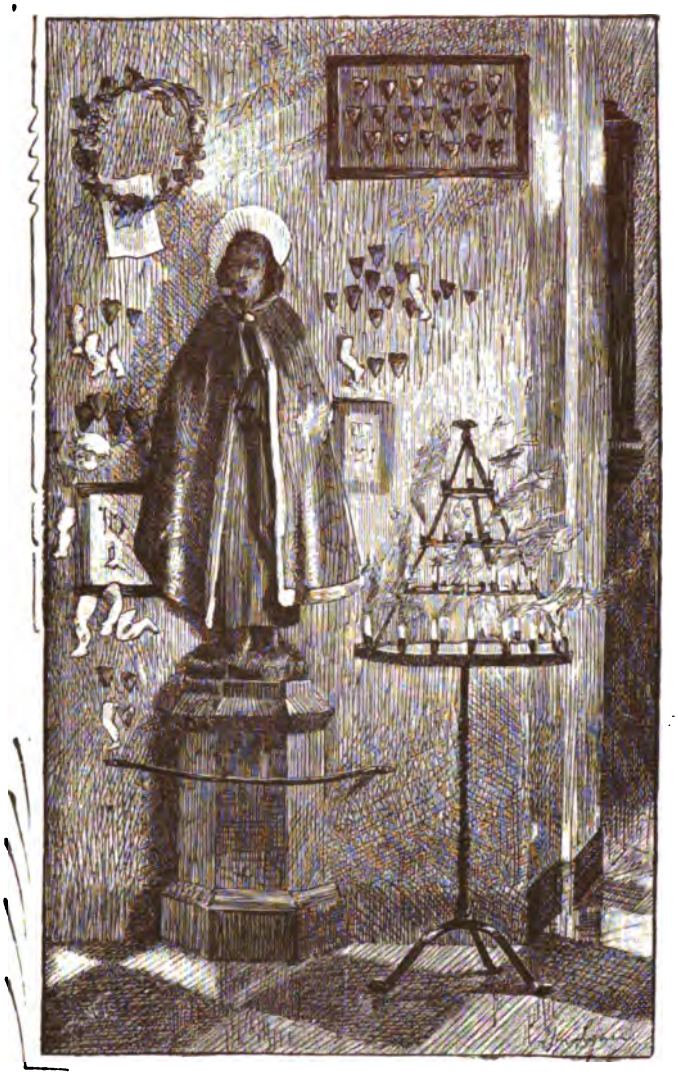
The Vicar cried for help to the rest of his company, so first the Curates, then the Organist, then the man with the violin, then the cornet-player, and, lastly, all the wicked little choir-boys, rushed to hold the Vicar back, but they were all caught, and had all to run after Johnny, while Johnny just followed his goose!


Ant. Ivnen.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B L

CHAPTER IX.



SAINT CALIXTUS, you must now be told, was a Saint in very high reputation at that time in Flanders.

Pilgrims came to do him honour from all the country round, and, as Saint Calixtus was famous for curing lame people, they made a very singular procession.

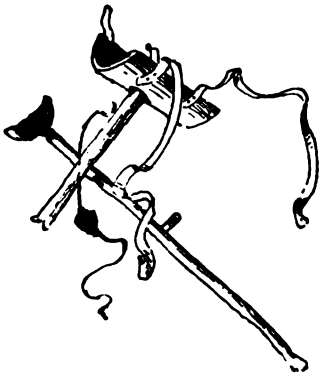


The maimed and the halt and the blind were there, humpbacks by the dozen, cripples by the score, men with wooden legs, men with iron hooks instead of hands,



men with wry necks—in short, they were a funny spectacle.

They would not have been funny, but very pitiful, if they had really been lame and blind, but the truth is that they were all persons whom the good Saint had cured, and now they were only making believe, for one day in the year, to suffer from their old complaints. But, to tell the truth, they looked so odd that the images of the other Saints in the chapel were set, on that day, with their faces to the wall, for fear they should break out laughing.





When the High Mass had been sung, all the worthy cripples threw away their sham humps, and bandages, and wooden legs, and they laughed, and danced, and skipped, and revelled, so that it was a pleasure to see so many people enjoying themselves.

CHAPTER X.



NOW you must be told that the King of that country had a daughter *as lovely as the day*, who had never laughed in all her life!





She was as sad and sorry as the mournful Bell that rings for a death, and so they called her the *Passing Belle*; it was a sort of joke.[1]





Now, as she was an only child, the Passing Belle had been spoiled from her very cradle. Cakes, toys, diversions, such as playing at funerals, had been lavished on her, but she never, never smiled.



They tried her with Punch and Judy, they tried her with pantomimes, they took her to the play,

[1] The French country people call the Passing Bell *La Dolente*, and this unhappy Princess they named *La Belle Dolente*. If any child cannot understand this, she may consult her nice French grammar, and her French and English dictionary, and turn it over in her mind till next Christmas.





but there never came a smile on the pale lips of the Passing Belle.

She would not have laughed for a King's ransom; nay, if you had ordered her off to instant execution, and laid her head on the block, you could not have wrung a smile from her!

The King, who had a strong sense of humour, was in despair. Finally he had a proclamation printed:—

WHOEVER CAN MAKE
THE
PRINCESS
GIGGLE
SHALL WIN HER FOR
HIS BRIDE.
CAMBRINUS R.



But nobody came! Every one thought it was hopeless to get a laugh from the Passing Belle. Then the King, who was a very religious man,





determined to take her to the shrine of Saint Calixtus. Of course, if the Saint could make her



smile, she would become a nun, and perhaps, in the long run, would have been as solemn and *lugubrious* as ever.









857008

CHAPTER XI.



ALL the Court came, and all the Court nearly died with laughing at the procession of the halt, and lame, and blind. 'Go it, ye cripples,' cried his Majesty, in convulsions of merriment! Some of the people were like X's, and some like Y's, and some like Z's, and plenty of K's and S's, all the cross letters were there, all the letters but straight upright I. Meanwhile the courtiers held their sides and screamed, and the tears came into their eyes; but the Princess yawned like a pretty little trout out of water! She did not see what there was to laugh at!

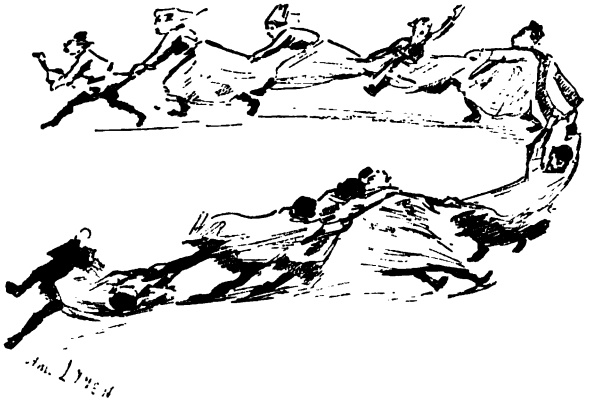
Besides, if she *had* laughed, perhaps they would have made her marry a man with a hump upon his back, or two wooden legs and a glass eye.

The fun was over, the King got up, the courtiers all rose, when past came Johnny and the golden goose and all his company.

Now when the Princess beheld our Johnny, and the landlord's three daughters, and the fat Vicar, and the thin Beadle, and the two Curates, and the Organist, the violin-player, the man with the cornet, and all the wicked little choir-boys, all stuck fast together, and all treading on each other's heels, she fell into such convulsions of laughter that she dropped into the Queen's arms, and chuckled till she was nearly dead.

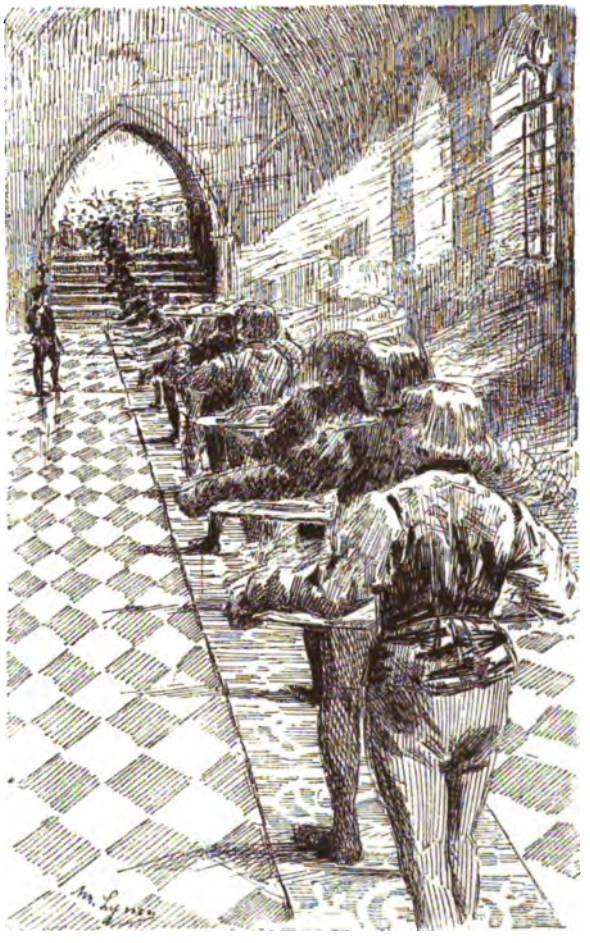
The King, wild with delight, threw his royal arms around the neck of our Johnny, shouting, 'Take her, you dog; she is yours, my bonny boy!' and all the courtiers, falling on each other's breasts, cried

Hooray, hooray,
She's laughed to-day!



But our Johnny moved on, quite grave, to the altar of Saint Calixtus, and there he laid the golden goose, after which all the people who followed him were able to get free. The charm was broken.

Next day was the marriage. They ate a whole



flock of roast geese from Hergnies, and they drank two vats of the local beer. In short, merrier times never were, in all the merry country of Flanders, where the beer is so excellent.

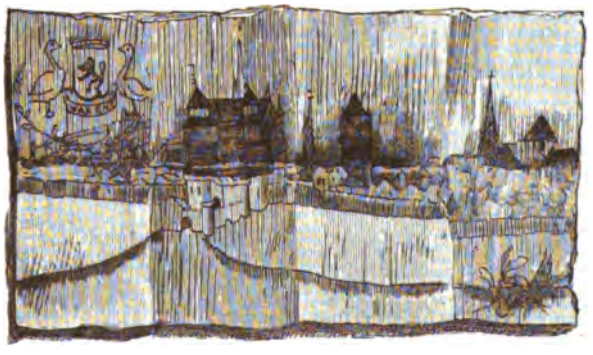




CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the King died, Johnny succeeded to the vacant throne, and the Chronicles report that he did not govern less wisely than other monarchs, prime ministers, and politicians generally, before or since.

The people of his own good town of Valen-



ciennes had a statue made of Johnny Nut, in walnut-wood, and a statue of his wife, and there

they stand on a tower, and strike time on the big clock; so you see this story is quite true. Do not you believe any learned man who tells you that Johnny is the Sun, and that the Goose is the Sun, and that the Passing Belle is the Moon, or nonsense of that kind, which, my dear children, is *far too common!*

MORAL.

I think the Moral is that we should always be kind to animals, respectful to Old Age, and, above all, that we should be *Easily Amused.*



Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.

MAR 5 1941